THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851.

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

We looked out, and found ourselves in a country of hills and valleys, thickly wooded, all green, and fresh, and glistening in the morning dew and sunshine! The day was very cool and fresh. The country through which we were riding, from hilly was becoming mountainous, though still rich and fertile, green and heavily wooded, as we approached the Blue Ridge. But I have described this country so often, through all its modifications and transitions through the beautiful, the picturesque, the wild, the grand, and the savage, that I will not repeat the physical description here. We passed through several beautiful villages, lying quiet in the green valleys among the wooded hills, or in the forest glades. Among the smallest and loveliest were [illegible]—an ugly name for a wildly picturesque hamlet in the Great Loudoun gap of the Blue Ridge. We passed also through Leesburg, the county seat of Loudoun, and Battletown, the county seat of Clark county, and other country towns and villages; but these are all down on the map upon a conspicuous turnpike road, and when a village is large and populous enough to be put down upon a map, it has lost enough of its rural beauty and seclusion to make it uninteresting to one in love only with the country.—They are interesting, however, from historical associations. A few miles South of Leesburg, to the right of the road, a fellow passenger pointed out upon a distant eminence, Oak Hill, the seat of the late ex-President Monroe. The hill is covered with a fine grove, in the midst of which stands the mansion house. The central building is of the Grecian order of architecture—or rather, I should say, it partakes both of the Gothic and the Grecian. The front of the building presents first a basement of heavy, solid masonry of four low arches—above this rises a light Grecian edifice, with a portico, supported by five Ionic columns. There are a flight of steps on either side, from the terrace to this portico.—There are two wings on either side, each with a bow window. The trees immediately around the house are graceful and well-trimmed; the place looks exceedingly well kept. At the distance at which I saw it, the *tout ensemble* of the seat looked not imposing—but—elegant. The gradual hill, the graceful trees, the Grecian front, and light Ionic columns, gave this effect. The place is now in the possession of S. L. Gouverneur, the son-in-law of Mr. Monroe.

We found Leesburg to be a real clean, well built country town, its streets well paved and well shaded, which must be a great comfort in hot weather to the townsfolk. It is comparatively an old Virginian town, founded by and named from the Lees—"*one of the first families in Virginia*," and incorporated, if I remember rightly, in 1758. It is interesting from its historical associations. During the old French and Indian War, while the town itself was an insignificant settlement, and all around it a pathless wilderness, Braddock and his army passed through here, cutting their way through the thick and tangled forest. The "Old Braddock Road," though now nearly obliterated by grass and copsewood, is still shown to curious travellers. The site of the houses in which Braddock and Washington tarried, is still shown, though the houses themselves, having been nothing better than log tenements, are gone.

Battletown, the seat of justice of Clark county, takes its odd name from General Daniel Morgan, a redoubtable Virginia celebrity, a downright battle-axe hero of the Revolution—a mountain giant—

"In war a tiger, chafed by hunter's spear,
In peace—"

a tiger, too! for, with many heroic and worshipful qualities, an immense self-esteem, combativeness and destructiveness, fired by a bilious temperament, kept his whole neighborhood in a continual row, and gained for it the name of Battletown. Among other feats, he compelled the Hessians, taken prisoners at Saratoga, to work upon his magnificent seat near Winchester, then in process of erection, and which, in memory of that battle and those prisoners, he called "Saratoga." But Battletown is most interesting from a memento of George Washington in his early youth. This relic is a small log cabin, situated in a green dingle, about a quarter of a mile from the village. The cabin is about ten feet square, and contains two rooms, one above the other. It is watered by a gushing spring, and shaded by a large elm tree.—Here George Washington sojourned while pursuing his vocation of surveyor, during that period of his life described by his ablest biographer: "When in quest of honest maintenance, encountering intolerable toil, cheered by being able to write to a schoolboy friend,—'Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain by day, and sometimes six pistoles;' himself his own cook, having no spit but a forked stick, and no plate but a large chip; roaming over spurs of the Alleghanies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah, alive to nature, and sometimes spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and the richness of the land; among skin-clad savages, with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants who would never speak a word of English; rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bear skin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place at night on a little hay, straw, or fodder; and often camping in the forest, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury."

We left Battletown with its most interesting reminiscences, and arrived at Winchester late in the evening. This valley town for its neatness, compactness and regularity, reminds us of Philadelphia. Winchester is still older than Leesburg. The present site of the city was once in possession of a fierce, warlike and powerful tribe of Indians called the Shawnees. The settlement was commenced in 1738, when the very name of a Shawnee was sufficient to strike terror to the bravest heart. The town was founded by the heroic and adventurous Colonel Wood. The town is further remarkable for having been the head-quarters of Washington during the old French and Indian war.

We entered Winchester about eight o'clock, and as we turned into Loudoun Street, with the intention of stopping at Taylor's hotel, we found a great, an immense crowd collected that literally blocked up the street from side to side, so that the stage could scarcely make its way. Dr. O—— inquired of several people what the matter was, but each and all were too excited to reply or even hear. At length we met Mr. [illegible], the proprietor, and upon Dr. O.'s propounding the question to him he answered—

"Daniel Webster is here, and has just concluded his speech," and the wonder was explained.

"Now we shall get nothing to eat!" said Mrs. C——.

"And no place to sleep!" chimed in the Doctor.

"We shall 'fare sumptuously every day' that we can get cold coffee, and chickens' necks, and [illegible] talk," said another gentleman.

"Or a damp attic to sleep in," laughed a lady.

"'You'll think yourself superbly off,
Though rather cramped in bed,
If your garret keep the summer rain
From dropping on your head.'

I hate travelling with demi-gods ever since I came in the cars with the Hungarian Exiles, and was nearly jammed into a jelly every time they stopped. Here's a calamity! Ah, me! Pity us, Doctor!"

We were, however, very agreeably disappointed. Our lines were cast in pleasant places. We had large and airy rooms, good fare, and every requisite attention; as far as our knowledge went no guest was neglected, which, immense as the gathering was, speaks highly for Taylor's hotel.

We left Winchester early the next morning, and reached Shannondale in the afternoon.

And so here I am again, domesticated in the lovely grove cabin where I spent so many happy hours last summer. This cabin is the most remote one from the main buildings. It is situated at the top of the hill, and on the skirts of the forest that backs it. The front view, from the window at which I am writing, commands a fine prospect of the descending dale, the [illegible], the rushing river, and the still and [illegible] mountains, rising from the other side. In the [illegible] near the cabin, is a grove of great old oaks and elms, the haunt of numerous singing birds, [illegible], etc.

This morning there has been a fine, refreshing shower—it is just over, and the sun shines brightly and happily out, and the leaves are [illegible] [illegible]

Good-by, for the present. [illegible]

P. S. We had a celebration here the Fourth of July, which drew a great company together. Dr. L. M. Smith, of Charlestown, read the Declaration of Independence—(Poor old George Third, how his bones must rattle in his grave once a year! When will our people cease to remember his iniquities, and cease to recite annually the litany of his sins? I hope God has been more merciful to him than man.) Mr. —— [illegible], of this county, delivered an oration full of enthusiasm and eloquence. At its close the company adjourned to a sumptuous dinner. The conviviality and the toast-drinking continued long after the ladies had retired from the table. The evening closed with music and dancing. E.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1851. {Page 2}

Our Correspondents

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

NUMBER II.

On Friday last, Mr. Osborne, one of the proprietors of Shannondale, left here to go to Washington City, as the bearer of an invitation to the President and Cabinet to visit this place. This was numerously signed by the citizens of Jefferson and the adjoining counties, without respect to party. The President has accepted the invitation, but cannot fix a precise day for his arrival, for two assigned reasons—firstly, from the absence of a part of his Cabinet from Washington, and secondly, from his wish to travel quietly, avoiding the parade of public receptions at every stopping place. He is expected, however, very soon.

On Saturday the Masons held a festival at Charlestown, upon the occasion of laying the corner stone of the new Masonic Hall. The orator of the day was B. B. French, Esq., of Washington. A great concourse of people were gathered together. Several of our fellow guests rode over to the village to witness the ceremonies; but the majority preferred to remain at Shannondale.

On Saturday afternoon we had a very agreeable accession of company from Washington City, and from Philadelphia. Among the arrivals from Washington were Dr. Wallis, of the New York Herald, and Dr. Bailey, of the Era, with his lady, family and friends—comprising among themselves a large party. On Tuesday afternoon—arrived Mademoiselle Apollonia Jagello, the Hungarian heroine, attended by Major Tochman, of Washington. On Wednesday came, on his return from Washington City, Mr. Osborne, with a party of gentlemen and ladies, announcing the probably speedy arrival of the President of the United States and suite.

Our company now is not large but select, and very agreeable. Not one unpopular person, or discordant element in it. I heard a lady who has spent every season of her life at various places of Summer resort, say that this was the most select and delightful company that she had ever met at any watering place.

Among the most charming of the guests are the beautiful and accomplished Misses C———'s of your city. These ladies, with their parents, have lately returned from making the tour of Europe, and after having seen the majesty of Switzerland, and the loveliness of Italy, are yet fascinated and delighted with the beauty and sublimity of Shannondale.

Indeed the enthusiastic admiration of every new visitor who comes to Shannondale delights me, because it assures me that I was not extravagant in saying "The world could scarcely match this dale of the Shenandoah in its combination of beauty, sublimity and healthfulness." I look about me sometimes with a feeling that transcends admiration, and rises to wonder, on seeing that no natural gift of loveliness or grandeur is wanting here. What natural beauty indeed can be added to a place where our hourly footsteps wander over undulating lawns shaded with gigantic trees the growth of centuries, each tree a wonder of size, strength, and beauty; where mountain, river, forests, rocks and waterfalls vary our daily walks?

Our occupations and amusements are bathing, gymnastics, walking, riding over the mountains, driving along the deeply shaded banks of the beautiful river, or through the dark forest roads; visiting remarkable places in the neighborhood, such as caves, precipices, and falls; playing at various games; music, singing, dancing in the evening air, etc., etc., etc.

One fine morning this week, we took a walk down the wildly picturesque South bank of the Shenandoah; great beetling rocks overhanging us on one side, and the river rushing on, on the other, until we came to a winding foot-path, leading up a high steep precipice called the "Raven's Rock." After a somewhat fatiguing ascent we reached the top of this rock, and stood upon a shelving point three hundred feet above the river. From this height a magnificent panorama of landscape stretched out around us. On the South side, mountain upon mountain arose until lost in the distance. Below us rolled and roared the river with its everlasting and triumphant rush and song. Beyond it—from its North bank, arose the cedar cliffs, and beyond them again, rolled out vast hills and plains, vast forests spreading out unbrokenly up and down hill and valley, the whole undulating top waved by the wind, looking like the upheaving of a wide sea of foliage. Off towards the West,

"Crowning a gradual hill"

that ascends from the river, arises Shannon Hall, once the splendid seat of the Fairfaxes, but now passed into other hands.

In the afternoon of the same day, we—the same party—crossed the river in a boat, and ascended the celebrated "Lover's Leap," to

"View the landscape o'er"

from that point of sight.

It strongly reminded me of Wesley's hymn, from which I have just quoted. Below us indeed rushed and roared among the rocks a "dark and troubled stream," that might have suggested Jordan's, or Death's—beyond it a "peaceful shore," so beautiful, so delightful, that it might have served as an humble, earthly type of Heaven. It was our beautiful Summer home, Shannondale, embowered by its sheltering mountains. We did not talk together much—we were too deeply impressed with the profound beauty of the scene—only Mrs. B——— said, in a low tone, "I wish William H. Gallagher was here!" And we all felt that we wanted the poet, too. We came down, silently crossed the river above the rapids, and reached home in time for tea.

On Wednesday night, we had a very pleasant ball. Many of the county gentry came in, and the dancing was kept up till a very late hour.

It was difficult to leave the saloon with its most fascinating circle this evening, and come up to this solitary cabin to finish a humdrum letter—but turning from the music and dancing and coming out into the night, one no longer regrets it. It is very beautiful from our cottage door, and from the window at which I sit now. We think the sun-set hour here unsurpassed in glory—until—*the stars come out*. Before us rise the dark mountains, crowned with their shadowy and plume-like trees, and reflected deeply, darkly in the river below; and over all arches "The starry Heavens," mirrored also in the clear waters. I came up here intending to give you an account of a fine rowing we had by sun-set and star-light on the Shenandoah, but I am already at the end of my sheet—so wishing very much to see you at Shannondale, I bid you good-night for the present.

EDEN.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1851.

Our Correspondents

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

NUMBER III.

Shannondale Springs.

DEAR MR. PETERSON:—A very delightful week has passed since I last wrote to you. We have accessions of company by every stage.

Among the late arrivals from Washington, is the accomplished author of "Peter Schlemihl in America." There is a large party from Washington coming up to secure rooms previous to the rush that must inevitably follow the arrival of the President and suite.

The weather is so delightfully cool here as to tempt us out every day, and nearly all day long. Mountain journeys, river voyages, and forest rambles have occupied the greater portion of this week.

Would you like to know how we spend

"The long, long summer's day"

in this mountain region? In truth it is not easy to catch a day and tell, so swiftly do they pass, and so various and inexhaustible are our resources of pastime. However—the "getting up" bell arouses us at five o'clock in the morning. Then those who are active and energetic, and who came here really to improve, to the utmost, their health and strength, and to enjoy, to the utmost, this glorious country, may rise, take a bath, go to the mineral spring and drink, take a walk or a ride on horseback, and return in time for breakfast, with a fine appetite to enjoy the fragrant Mocha, the green or black souchong, the rich cream, snowy, light, hot rolls, rice cakes, muffins and buckwheats, ham, fish, and, above all, poultry, which always graces the morning board. A band of music summons us to the breakfast table at seven o'clock. After breakfast, the first business is to mail the letters and see the stage depart to meet the Eastern train of cars at Charlestown. This brings eight o'clock, when the assembled company disperse, or group as please themselves. Some make equestrian parties to the mountains, or driving parties through the forests. Some go botanizing in the fields, black-berrying in the woods, geologizing up the rocks, or sight-seeing down the caverns or up the precipices. Some go to the nine pin alley to troll balls, and some—your correspondent, to wit,—undertake all these things in a forenoon. At one o'clock, the first dinner-bell rings, which just leaves us time for bathing, dressing, and walking again to the spring, to take the healing waters, according to prescription, "upon an empty stomach." A band of music invites us also to the dinner-table. Epicures and gourmands here, are quite as enthusiastic upon the subject of the dinners as amateur poets and artists are upon the theme of scenery.

Every luxury of the season, that river, field or forest—garden, vineyard or orchard can supply, or art manufacture, is here spread forth with an unsparing hand. After dinner, the company withdraw and separate, or form into groups in the parlor or piazza. Some gentlemen join a group of ladies engaged in needle-work and conversation. Others play games at backgammon, draughts, chess or whist. Some ladies and gentlemen, in couples, promenade, leisurely, the long piazza, chatting, flirting, sentimentalizing, looking out the while upon the deep blue mountains, with their ever-changing, infinite variety of lights and shadows, and listening to the noise of the water-falls. And here and there upon the lawn, a single person may be seen lounging, with a book, under the deep shade of some great oak or elm. But all are in anxious expectation of the mail-stage.

At about four o'clock—faintly amid the roar of the rushing river—may be heard the coach-wheels, as they descend the hill to the ferry boat far up on the other side of the Shenandoah.—Now all occupation ceases, and the company press to the piazza to see the new arrivals and receive the mail. The coach is now seen rapidly advancing along the deeply-shaded road bordering this side of the Shenandoah—it turns into the right hand gate, drives rapidly up the circular avenue leading up the lawn, and pauses before the platform. Servants rush out, doors are opened, steps let down, passengers alight impatient for their rooms, baggage is taken off and taken out,—in short, a general but short-lived bustle ensues, in the course of which, the mail bag is delivered, and carried off, followed by a multitude. In fifteen minutes, all is restored to the rural quiet that reigned before. The stage and horses are housed and stabled—the travellers in their rooms—the recipients of letters retired to read or answer them—and others,—for the cool of the evening has already come—have strolled off in pairs, or in groups, into the groves, among the rocks or along the streams. And here we wander until, at six o'clock,

"The supper bell
From out the dell
Bids us march, march away."

We reach home in time to dress for tea and evening, take a walk to the spring and drink, and returning, enter the supper-room to the sound of music. The suppers here quite equal the breakfasts—with some additions. After supper we disperse over the lawn—or ramble down the deeply shaded banks of the Shenandoah, or take a boat and go out upon the beautiful mountain-girdled bend of the river.

At eight o'clock the music summons those who are fond of dancing, into the saloon—where the waltz, the polka, cotillions, quadrilles, followed lastly by the beautiful "Old Virginia Reel," wind up the amusements of the day. In the meanwhile, in the parlor are assembled all the graver portion of the company, who prefer, books, music, conversation, or whist.

Not a few leave the house for a starlight ramble through the woods, or a starlight row upon the river.

Our evenings close these beautifully. We have two of the finest voices here, that I ever heard among the unprofessional—Mr. H—— owns a deep, rich bass, and Miss E——

S—— a fine tenor. They nightly sing together some of Russell's, Haydn's, or Beethoven's sublime anthems, accompanying themselves upon the piano or melodeon. So we all separate for the night filled with the very poetry of religion.

After tea on Thursday, Mr. L—— took little Angelo and myself out upon the river. I think I never in my life witnessed a scene so gorgeously magnificent. The peculiar bend of the river gave it the appearance of a beautiful circular, mountain-lake, environed by wooded hills and rocky precipices. We rowed to the middle of it, and there rested on our oars breathless with the glory of the scene. On the West the river was lighted up like a splendid conflagration by the level rays of the setting sun. Above rolled clouds of the most gorgeous colors—purple, crimson and gold, azure, amber and [illegible]—and all around the banks were trees of every shape and size, from the gigantic Titan of the forest, to the graceful sapling. On the East—strongly contrasted with all this gorgeous glory of coloring—arose the solid mountain with its sombre hue seeming to overshadow the river in a half shade. The effect of this contrast is very fine—the glowing sublimated Claude Lorraine lights of the West, and the sombre deep-toned Rembrandt shadows of the East. But the most glorious—the most beautiful—the most spiritual effect remains to be described. It is that all this contrasted splendor and sublimity—from the caverns, ravines, gorges, and precipices of the great mountain itself to the most delicately interlaced leaves and twigs of the trees with the roseate clouds of sunset seen behind them, is clearly and distinctly reflected in the still and mirror-like sheet of water—until below us, seems a world as deep and as full of light and glory as the Heavens above us. Indeed the illusion is so great, that it seems as though we could see below the banks and far under and beyond them, fields of liquid gold. Angelo was so deeply affected with the beauty of this sunset scene, that she half unconsciously floated out

"The wild songs of her dear native land."

We remained out there until the gorgeous sunset scene

"Perished silently
Of its own glory"

—then, gliding through the stars reflected on the water, we reached the shore and came home.

Ever since we have been here, the distant, and nearly inaccessible fastnesses of the Blue Ridge have drawn us

"With a glamour past dispute"

to scale their peaks, and investigate their charms. So, on Monday morning a party, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. B——, Miss E——, Mr. H——, and myself and two children—equipped in cool, strong walking-dresses, and stout shoes—and furnished with a luncheon in our pockets, and a staff in our hands, set out on a pedestrian exploring expedition to the mountain. We travelled through a thickly shaded road—the forest running up and down several inferior ridges, before we came to the foot of the highest range of mountains. We stopped frequently to pick blackberries, or whortleberries, or to rest and drink at some cool mountain spring. For five miles we had a road continually ascending and descending—but still rising—each ascent being higher than the last—until we came to the base of Mount Shannon—then, in fact, we had a time of it; and then our staffs came into requisition—one mile of steep precipice! at the end of five up and down hill! Well, we got up it at last, and

"Breathless—full of awe"—

looked down upon the world at our feet. We saw the whole valley of the Shenandoah, from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain, rolled out before us. We saw many vast forests spread out below, looking like small patches of green; harvest fields like spots of gold—the river, gliding through them, looking no wider than a satin ribbon—the buildings at Shannondale itself, seeming as a few white specks in a green hollow. In the distance, off to the South, the prospect is bounded by a range of mountains, in the midst of which are two clefts from summit to base, cutting out from top to bottom of the range, a square block, called the "Short Mountain," or the "Fort."

Descending this mountain-top a quarter of a mile on the other side, we came to the house of a mountaineer, where we were hospitably received, and refreshed with glasses of sweet, fresh buttermilk. We rested here, enjoying the pure and bracing air for half-an-hour. Then "we took our staff and travelled on," toiling up the ascent of another precipice, from which we could view the Valley of the Upper Potomac. From this we saw a thickly-wooded, green, and hilly country rolling down below us, and bounded on the far off North-West by another range of the Blue Ridge, cleft midway from sky to earth, and marking the site of Harper's Ferry.—We left this point of view, and before setting out on our return home, myself and a gentleman of the party, climbed yet a third precipice—and from the peak of a great rock upon its summit we overlooked the two valleys—viz.: that of the Shenandoah and Upper Potomac at once. At about two o'clock we turned our steps homeward, and, after a rapid walk of three hours, reached Shannondale at five o'clock, having walked thirteen miles—and such walking! Some of our party complained much of fatigue—others bore it very well. For myself—a bath, a change of dress and supper re-invigorated me so much that I took my usual walk by the sun-lit river, and finished up the day by dancing till a late hour of the night—

And now I have written till an early hour of the morning. Good evening, or rather, good morning.

EDEN.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1851.

Our Correspondents

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

NUMBER IV.

Shannondale Springs.

[The following letter—all but the Postscript—was intended, but received too late for last week's paper.]

There is another topic that has equally divided, with the President's visit, the conversation of Shannondale. It is, that at about the same time, a marriage of great celebrity will take place without eclat, quietly and simply at Harper's Ferry, and that the distinguished bride and bridegroom will spend their honey-moon at Shannondale. In fact, there is little or no doubt of the truth of this, but just now we dare not be more explicit.

We have had it raining incessantly for three days, but that did not prevent us from having a very delightful ball on Wednesday, and a downright, down breaking dance last evening. In truth the people danced the more, because they walked out the less.

We were very near having a catastrophe here a day or two since. A gentleman of the neighborhood possessing a very splendid horse—who performed a distinguished part here in the tournament of last year—Arabian breed, elegant and graceful figure, iron gray coat with white tail and mane, and beautiful action, spirited and gentle—sent the horse over here for the use of Miss C—. The young lady mounted him to join an equestrian party. Upon turning in to one of the gates opening upon the tournament ground of last summer, the steed no doubt imagined that he was come to distinguish himself as before at the tournament. So he set off in a sweeping gallop, towards the goal—the old point of contest. The young lady, delicate and timid, became terrified, grew faint and helpless, and dropped from her saddle while yet the horse was at the top of his speed. By the providence of God her foot was clear of the stirrup, else she must have been killed; as it was, she escaped with only a severe fright and some slight bruises. It was, however, owing entirely to her extreme delicacy and timidity that she lost her seat. For the flight of the steed was swift and smooth, and he stopped at the goal.

This evening we are to have a variation of the programme of "Evening Entertainments." "The Apollo Troupe," who have been entertaining the citizens of Charlestown for some evenings past, with their fine singing, dancing, declamation, etc.—and who, notwithstanding the rainy weather have had crowded houses—will be at Shannondale this evening. So the great hall is being fitted up, and to-night we are to have a Grand Concert, by the Apollo Troupe—Shakesperian Readings by Mrs. Evelyn Williams—Singing and Dancing in the Bloomer costume, by Mr. Williams and Miss Macgregor—Solos, Duets, Trios and Ballet.

• • • • •

It has not cleared off yet! The mountains are out of sight, though so near, in the mist. The river moans—the trees, weighed down with tears, bow their heads—nothing is cheerful or hopeful just now but the chirping of one solitary bird in the grove before my window—the bird vociferously assuring nature that—bad as the prospect is—the sun will certainly shine out presently.

These three rainy days! I declare they have oppressed my spirits to such an extent, that neither the thought of the President's visit and the great crowd and eclat, nor of the Hungarian ———! I mean the marriage of some *distingué* and *outré* has power to elevate them! It is so chilly too! I shall have to get a bright little wood fire and a cup of tea to dispel the dampness and raise my spirits.

• • • • •

I repent me of my grumbling. The little lone bird that sang amid the dark clouds and the cold drizzling rain was a better Christian than I am. It has cleared off gloriously. How resplendently beautiful every thing is now! The glorious afternoon sun is declining. The sky is dazzlingly bright, and breaking into luminous clouds of the most gorgeous hues, which rolling slowly off, throw floating shadows of fantastic shapes upon the dark blue surface of the mountains. And the thick rich grass!—how vividly green it is! And the trees! how fresh, how springy they are! how all their leaves vibrate and dance in the refreshing breeze! And how all—grass and trees and herbage—gemmed with rain drops—flash in the sun-light! All nature laughs out with new and jubilant life. We shall have a glorious sunset this evening when all those sun-gilded clouds, and the rain gemmed trees, and the sombre mountains, with their floating shadows, are reflected in the river.

• • • • • •

I have just torn myself away from the ball-room where they are all dancing, and come up here to seal and direct this letter. Well, we have had the concert and the Shakspeare readings. The Medley entertainment was very largely attended, and every one was amused or delighted. In fact the performance—especially in singing or dancing—would have pleased an audience much harder to please than we are just now. I think Mrs. Williams got the most beautiful and sincere compliment that ever an *artiste* did get. It was from a little girl, who, charmed with her aerial dress, sweet face and silvery voice, in a tone full of awe and admiration, inquired—"Ma, is not that an ANGEL?"

POSTSCRIPT.

On Tuesday morning, according to programme, the President and his family left Washington.—They were met at the Point of Rocks by the Mayor and Corporation of Harper's Ferry, tendering him the hospitality of their town. At Harper's Ferry he was received and attended through all the public works by Major Symington, the commandant. After visiting the Arsenal and other national works, he was invited to partake of a sumptuous collation at the hospitable mansion of Major Symington, but from the press of time he was obliged to decline it. At Charlestown the President and family were met by the Messrs. Osborne with two carriages ready to convey them to the Springs. At Charlestown the citizens would willingly have detained Mr. Fillmore at an excellent dinner that had been prepared for him, but after "making a few remarks" to the assembled citizens, and patting a few children on the head in a fatherly fashion, he set out for this place.

We had not expected the great arrival until five o'clock. We were, most of us, in our chambers dressing at four o'clock, when the carriages drove up. Somewhere between five hundred and a thousand souls—the number could not be ascertained precisely, and is stated variously—were assembled here to meet him. After being introduced to all the ladies and gentlemen in the parlor, the President retired to his room for a short time. At five o'clock, the party sat down to dinner. There were no toasts drunk—no speeches made. All passed quietly and comfortably. In the evening there was a very large ball. The President retired early, but the dancing was kept up till a late hour.

On Wednesday morning, a deputation of thirty gentlemen, from Winchester, waited on the President, and made him a speech, tendering him the hospitalities of their city. In return, the President made them a speech, complimenting their "ancient city," speaking of it as the sometime residence of Washington, and as the burial place of General Morgan.

After an early dinner, the President and his party left Shannondale, accompanied part of the way by a small equestrian party, consisting of M'lle Jugalie, myself, and two gentlemen escorts. Good-night! It is late, and twenty of us have to rise at three o'clock to-morrow morning, to ride fourteen miles to Harper's Ferry, to attend that wedding, and escort the bridal couple back.

EDEN.

☞ Previous to the twelfth century, not only the People, but even the rich, were destitute of the common necessaries, as we should term them, of the table; the snow-white damask seldom hid the oaken board, to invest humble fare with an appearance of delicacy. Knives were sometimes used, but forks were regarded as an indication of luxurious foppery. The fair dames of the royal household, as well as the Barons, ate their food without these essential aids to cleanliness; they held the leg of a capon in their hands, and tore the flesh from the bone with their teeth.

☞ Locomotives are being constructed in England which will run eighty miles without stopping for water. Their average speed will be thirty-six miles per hour.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1851. {Page 2}

Our Correspondents

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

NUMBER V.

THE MARRIAGE OF MLLE. JAGELLO.

Shannondale Springs.

DEAR MR. PETERSON:—If I followed my inclinations to-day, instead of seating myself to write a letter, I should put on a stout pair of shoes, take my children and the dog, and go for a long, long walk on the mountains.

This morning, when my maid awoke me, she brought me a woolen dress, saying that it was too cool to wear anything else. And in truth it is a cool and most delightful morning. The sky is not dazzling, but pleasant. Overhead it is of a soft blue-gray hue, and around the horizon is a warm, hazy mist, reminding us of early autumn, and suggesting pleasant thoughts of quiet home enjoyments, of bright wood-fires, and fireside delights.

How charming, by the way, is this change of the seasons! Summer is lovely—oh, very lovely—filling the whole soul to overflowing with the sense of beauty. Yet when an early Autumn day comes, with its sweetly solemn aspect, with what an agreeable sense of change we turn from the glories of Summer to contemplate the coming calm delights of hearth and home.

The mountains to-day have donned a sober suit of gray and a veil of mist, and drawing me on to a ramble, say, or seem to say—"Come, let us talk quietly together. We have much to teach you. We will speak of the ephemeral glories that you love so well—of the summer hues—of the gorgeous clouds—of the light reflected by the river—of the greenness of the foliage, and the freshness of the grass—of the illusions of childhood—the aspirations of youth—the ambitions of maturity—Autumn's glories chiding the gray—outlasting splendors of an hour! And we will talk of things more enduring than the everlasting hills."

And oh! I could well sit among the hoary mountains to-day, as a child sits among the elders, but that I must busy myself with the festive life around me.

I promised your readers a description of Mademoiselle Apollonia Jagello and Major Tochman's wedding, which took place on Saturday, August 9th, at St. Peter's Church, Harper's Ferry.

If you received my last letter, you know already that the bride elect, attended by her bridesmaids and Doctor Bailey, left here on Friday for the purpose of meeting, by appointment, at Harper's Ferry, the bridegroom and his friends, who were to come up from Washington. The marriage ceremony was to be performed at nine o'clock in the morning, during Mass. As the distance between Shannondale and Harper's Ferry is sixteen miles, it was arranged that the company who were to attend the wedding, should leave here at three o'clock in the morning, in order to get there in time. We separated at night, reproaching each other for idle habits, and prophesying who would be most likely to keep the others waiting. I believe some of us were afraid to go to sleep, lest we should not wake in season. However, the proprietor took upon himself the responsibility of rousing us all up in time, and so, at half-past two o'clock, we were all rapped out of our beds. We arose, made a hasty toilet by candle-light, and assembled on the piazza, before which the carriages were waiting, and around which the bats were still flitting in circuits. While standing there waiting for those inevitable laggards, that ever delay a party, we were invited into the dining-room, where we took a cold snack. After which we entered the carriages and set out. The Eastern horizon was red with the coming sun when we crossed the ferry, and then, if there was no steeple chase, there was some fast driving, I assure you. We reached Charlestown by six o'clock, drove up to Carter's Hotel and ordered coffee, which we drank in the carriages. Immediately after which we resumed our journey, driving furiously over a smooth turnpike road that gradually ascended the summit of the Ridge, and as gradually declined to the Gorge of Harper's Ferry.

We drew up before Carroll's Hotel a little before eight o'clock. We alighted, and assembled in a large private parlor. The bridal party was as yet invisible.

At half-past eight o'clock we left the hotel for the church in advance of the bride and groom. The Catholic Church of St. Peter's is situated upon a tall and steep eminence, which we ascended by a flight of steps cut into the solid rock. We found the church crowded to suffocation. We were marshalled, however, into the front seats reserved for us immediately around the altar. Directly before the altar was the space reserved for the bride and groom and their attendants.

We had been seated about fifteen minutes when the bridal procession entered. The bride was arrayed in a rich but plain white satin, made with short sleeves and low neck. A simple white Illusion scarf veil was fastened above her dark ringlets by a single orange flower bud. White kid gloves and white satin slippers completed her toilet. The bridesmaids wore simple dresses of white crape, with low neck and short sleeves—with the skirts deeply tucked and trimmed with narrow white satin ribbon. White gloves and slippers of course. All bridegrooms and groomsmen dress precisely alike. Ours did not vary from the established rule. In accordance with the solemn ritual of that church which holds marriage to be a sacrament, the bride and groom advanced slowly to the altar, and kneeling reverently, bowed their heads, while the mass commenced. Their attendants were ranged in order behind them. The officiating Priest was the Rev. Mr. Plunket. As this ceremony was performed during the grand sacrifice of the mass it occupied nearly an hour.

It was altogether the most solemn and impressive ritual I had ever witnessed. The single circumstance itself of two exiles,—each of whom had been so devoted to the cause of freedom—each of whom had been such a martyr to that love of liberty—each of whom had passed through such a stormy and disastrous era—each of whom banished from native country had come hither to find in America a haven of rest or a field of enterprise—and in the other a "consolation." Verily life is full of promise and of hope. Let none say "All is over," and sit down in despair. Contemplate these two. How wretched and ruined seemed each when home and country and cause of liberty were all lost. Seemed there an object or a hope left them in life? Yet lo! each has met the other and found a compensation for all past sorrows and a hope for all coming years. God bless them!

Immediately after the ceremony we returned to the hotel, where an elegant collation, provided by the bridegroom, awaited us. When we had partaken of this, and when the bride had changed her bridal dress for a travelling habit, we set out on our return to Shannondale. We reached Charlestown about twelve o'clock, and stopped at Carter's to rest the horses. There a pleasant surprise awaited us. We were all invited into a room where a very nice luncheon was spread and offered us by the politeness of the host, Mr. Carter. Miss C—— presented the bride with a beautiful *bouquet*. We reached Shannondale about three o'clock, in time to dress for dinner. In the evening, we had the usual quadrilles and polkas—and as many people from the neighboring plantations and villages, came in to [illegible] to the bride, we had a very large assembly. The bride disappeared at an early hour—but the dancing was kept up till very late.

I had a great many other things to tell you, but my sheet is filled—so good-bye. EDEN.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1851. {Page 2}

Our Correspondents

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

THE TOURNEY.

Would you wishes for a description of that old-world Quixotism, a Tourney of 1851? I will give it, warning them not to found their expectations upon what they have read in Scott's novels and poetry, and Froissart's Chronicles.

The last week has been one of unalloyed excitement to all the beauty and the chivalry of the old valley. Preparations for and anticipation of the Tournament and Fancy Ball at Shannondale, have occupied all heads, hearts and hands. The Tournament was appointed for Tuesday morning. The Fancy Ball for Wednesday evening.

From an early hour on Monday, the people from this and the adjacent counties, as well as from distant cities, began to arrive in crowds—and soon the house, the piazzas, the cabins, were crowded to overflowing. This number, great as it was, was quadrupled on Tuesday, the day of the Tournament. The vast lawn, the groves, and even the river was alive with multitudes of men, women and children in gay dresses, walking, reclining under trees, boating, &c.

The tournament ground was a vast open field, adjoining the lawn on the West, and separated from it by a long light fence. In the midst of the area were planted at eight feet apart, two posts with a cross-bar at the top. From the middle of this bar depended a chain at the end of which was a hook upon which hung an iron ring. The intended feat was—while riding at full speed—to carry off this ring upon the point of the lance.

At eleven o'clock, the sound of the trumpet drew all the people in great crowds to the Western extremity of the lawn, which joined the tournament ground. Here were seats provided for the ladies around an elevated platform, from which the King-at-Arms—(the Hon. Henry Bedinger, of Virginia)—was to deliver his charge to the Knights. Upon this platform the King-at-Arms, attended by heralds and pursuivants was seated.

A breathless silence prevailed as the troop of Knights rode forward and drew up in a line before the platform. The King-at-Arms then arose and addressed them; and in a speech full of [illegible] eloquence, explained to them the duties, privileges, and honors of knight-errantry in general—and of this chivalrous contest in particular—in which the victor Knight would have the glorious privilege of crowning the Queen of his Affection, Queen of Love, of Beauty, and of Chivalry. Told them that the eye of beauty was upon them—that many hearts were palpitating—finally charged them for honor, glory, and lady's love, to ride! ride! ride! The Knights then with a graceful evolution, turned, rode off at some distance to make a round sweep of the ground, and drew up at the Northern extremity of the lists. Opposite them, at the extreme Southern boundary, was placed the band of music; on the East were thronged the spectators—the West was a field bounded by the river—in the centre of the ground was the suspended ring.

Another deep silence of expectation reigned throughout the crowd, when, after a blast of the trumpet, a herald proclaimed—"The Knight Champion of Cuba!" and the Knight whose name was thus thundered forth, rode gracefully forward—first, at a moderate pace, as though displaying his steed, his arms and accoutrements, to the best advantage—then breaking gradually into a sweeping gallop, he shot under the ring with lance levelled, but—without touching it! He made the circuit of the ground and drew up at the foot of the line of Knights to await his second trial.

Again the trumpet sounded, and the herald proclaimed—"The Knight of Jefferson." The Knight of Jefferson, with lance in rest, rushed on towards the goal and swept through it, carrying off the *ring*, amid the cheers of the spectators. The Knight bearing the ring upon the point of his lance, rode around the lists, while the music pealed forth its most triumphant notes. Finally, he took his place at the foot of the line of Knights, to await the second round. The trumpet sounded. The herald shouted—"The Black Prince!" and a knight rode forward, clad in black, with visor down and helmet surmounted with white plumes. His horse was the finest on the ground—a magnificent dark gray steed, with flowing white tail and mane. His horsemanship was the most graceful and elegant of all—this was universally acknowledged. He sped like an arrow across the intervening space, and under the ring—but alas! alas! without carrying it off. So [illegible] of the orchestra was deceived, and the band struck up as for a victor—but he "waved his hand on high" and stopped them.

It would take too long to tell you the name, style, and success of every Knight that rode in the lists that day. I will condense. "The Black Prince" was followed by the "Champion of Berkeley," the "Albanian Chief," "Count Bertram," and many others whose names I cannot now recall to mind. At the end of the first round, when every Knight had made his trial, there was an intermission of a few minutes—and then the second round of trial commenced, as before, with the first name on the list, that of "The Knight Champion of Cuba." This second round went off with various success. Some of the Knights who had carried off the ring in the first round, missed it in the second—several who had failed in the first—succeeded in bearing off the prize in the second round. There were *three* rounds; the third was like unto the first two.

At the close of the third round, there was a silence among the spectators, during which time the Knights, drawn up together, held a few minutes consultation with their Marshal. Then attended by Marshal, heralds and pursuivants, they rode forward in front of the spectators, and with inverted lances and uncovered heads, stood while their Marshal announced that—

"The Knight of Jefferson is the Victor Knight, and has won the honor of Crowning the Queen of his Heart, Queen of Love, Beauty of Chivalry."

He paused, and deafening cheers saluted the victorious Knight.

The Marshal then announced that the four next in order of success, were—the Black Prince, the Albanian Chief, Count Bertram, and another, whose name I missed, who being all equal, would now contend for the privilege of selecting the First Maid of Honor. Then all the Knights wheeled and rode off to their station, while the new rivals prepared for their contest. Now a severe struggle ensued. In three rounds each carried off the ring three times. Then it had all to be done over again. In the fourth round, one—I forget which, failed—leaving the Black Prince and one other in the field—then there was a trial between these two until the Black Prince was defeated, and the other, whose name I do not remember, succeeded.

The next contest that followed was for the privilege of selecting the Second Maid of Honor. The last was for the humblest prize, the privilege of selecting the Third Maid of Honor. When this last trial was over, the Knights, with their train, rode up to the front of the spectators. The King-at-Arms then called upon the Victor Knight to select his Queen, and present her for coronation. The Knight of Jefferson, (Mr. Humphreys, of Jefferson County,) then rode forward, and named "Miss Kate Seppington, of Charlestown." This young lady was the village belle, and of a sultana style of beauty, large, round, fair, with black hair and black eyes. She evidently possessed too much modesty to expect the honor that was tendered her—for she, in the midst of all the fine dressing for the occasion, had worn a simple morning-dress of gingham, and a sun-bonnet, and had kept herself in the back ground. So slow was she in coming forward, that her delay compelled the King-at-Arms to call out—"Who are the attendants that wait upon our fair Queen—let them present her." She was then led forward by two Esquires, and seated, while the King-at-Arms, taking the flower-crown from an attendant, approached her, and holding the crown over her head, addressed her—

"Fair lady! here, in the presence of this assembly of brave men and beautiful women, and at the behest of your true and victorious Knight, I, the most devoted of your subjects, crown you Queen of Love, of Beauty, and of Chivalry," (placing the flower crown upon her head,) "long may you reign," &c., &c., &c.

Then followed the selection of the Maids of Honor, who each received a bright wreath in token of her office.

Then at the sound of the trumpet the pageantry was proclaimed over, and the company dispersed, the elite returning to the hotel to a sumptuous dinner.

THE FANCY BALL.

The Fancy Ball at Shannondale, which took place on Wednesday evening, was far more interesting than the Tourney. For a weeks before all sorts of plans had been consulted, and all sorts of material sent for "from town." For days before, my little cabin had been crowded with ancient court ladies, troubadours, fairies, etc.—busy with the great subject of their costume. When the important day arrived, and the hour of assembly struck, it was discovered that this was the finest Fancy Ball ever seen at Shannondale, or anywhere else in Virginia.—There were several hundred guests present—not all in costume, however—but the greater part of those were dressed with great elegance and truth of character. There were but thirty-five whose names and characters I was enabled to learn.

Miss E. G——, of [illegible], tall and dignified, [illegible] in Walter Scott's [illegible], wore a head-dress of [illegible] plumes and jewels, jacket of crimson silk velvet, trimmed with [illegible]—skirt and train of blue silk, and veil of Mechlin, wrought with stars.

Miss E. F——, of Jefferson, a dark brunette, as a gipsy, wore a [illegible] skirt of crimson, blue and yellow, short and full black satin jacket, wrought with gold, and little straw hat with cherry ribbons. This gay dress was very much admired.

Miss H——, of Alexandria, a very beautiful girl, very small, fair and round, with black eyes and hair, as a Sultana, wore the Turkish dress.

Miss B——, of Charlestown, a Bloomer.

Miss F. C——, a fair, full-formed, blue-eyed beauty—the merriest at the Springs—as a Quakeress, wore a plain, tight-bodied dark dress, with neat white cap and kerchief, and won "golden opinions" for her grave and sedate deportment.

Mr. W——, of Jefferson, appeared as a chief of the Tuscaroras.

Mr. H——, of Baltimore, a young gentleman of fair complexion and slight and elegant figure, appeared as a page, in a splendid dress of blue silk velvet, embroidered with silver and slashed with white Florence silk.

Dr. D——, of Washington City, a very tall and dark man, appeared as a Troubadour of Provence, in a magnificent dress of black velvet and gold—with a lady-love scarf of crimson, embroidered with gold, and more stars, ribbons and orders on his breast than I can enumerate, or than often fall to the lot of Troubadours. He supported his character by singing ancient airs upon his guitar.

Mr. H——, of Charlestown, as Red Jacket, appeared in a scarlet dress of "beaded, fringed and medalled glory."

Late in the evening a novelty was presented, namely—an entree of the characters of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," as follows:

Mrs. ——, of Washington, as Hyppolita, Queen of the Amazons, in a dress of scarlet and gold, with gilded helmet, surmounted with [illegible], and gilded spear, covered with flowers, preceded by a tiny black dwarf wearing her colors and bearing her sceptre.

Mr. ——, as Theseus, in a tunic of white and gold, with crown and *sceptre*.

The Court of Oberon and Titania followed, thus—

Miss L——e, a little girl of seven years, as Titania, Queen of the Fairies, in a gossamer dress of white and silver, with a winged crown; very beautiful and aerial.

Master S——, as Oberon, King of Fairies; robe of white, bordered and belted with gold—gold crown and sceptre.

Nine children as attendant fairies, in gossamer dresses with white wands.

This entree was greeted with a round of applause, and formed the originality of the evening. The dancing was kept up till a very late hour, with the usual laughable inconsistencies of nuns dancing with harlequins, Quakers chatting with Sultanas, monks flirting with gipsys, etc.

But I have spun my letter too long, perhaps; if so, be comforted, for this may be the last time you may be visited by "Leaves" from

EDEN.